BECAUSE

They are all to you tonight
these things I write.

If words in you
do not come through
but hold your stress
in silences,
each line I make
is for your sake;
for what you bring
to me, I sing:

a strength too rate,
this self you bare:
your griefs confess
a wilderness,
but mind's domain,
percipient pain
has its own art
to form the heart.
You choose to live
by what you give,
and so would I;
less steadily,
but yet I try.

And, even though
our days must go —
too fast to hold
back, or be told —
I bring you now
this life I know
because of what you
stand for, too.